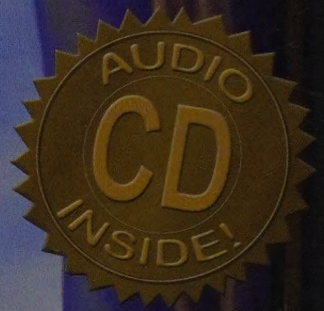




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# Rapunzel and the Seven Dwarfs



A Maynard Moose Tale

As told to Willy Claflin

Illustrated by James Stimson



# Rapunzel and the Seven Dwarfs



**A Maynard Moose Tale**  
As told to Willy Claflin  
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“Once upon a time, a long, long time ago...”  
So begins the story of... Rapunzel?... and  
The Seven, or Eight, or NINE Dwarfs?!?  
Hey, what’s going on here??? Welcome to  
the slightly off-track world of Maynard  
Moose and the ancient Mother Moose tales.  
Willy Claflin channels and translates these  
tales for our entertainment and enlighten-  
ment — or maybe just to confuse us.  
Rapunzel and the Seven Dwarfs exemplifies  
the lesson in many of these stories “...That  
there ain’t no moral to some stories at all.”

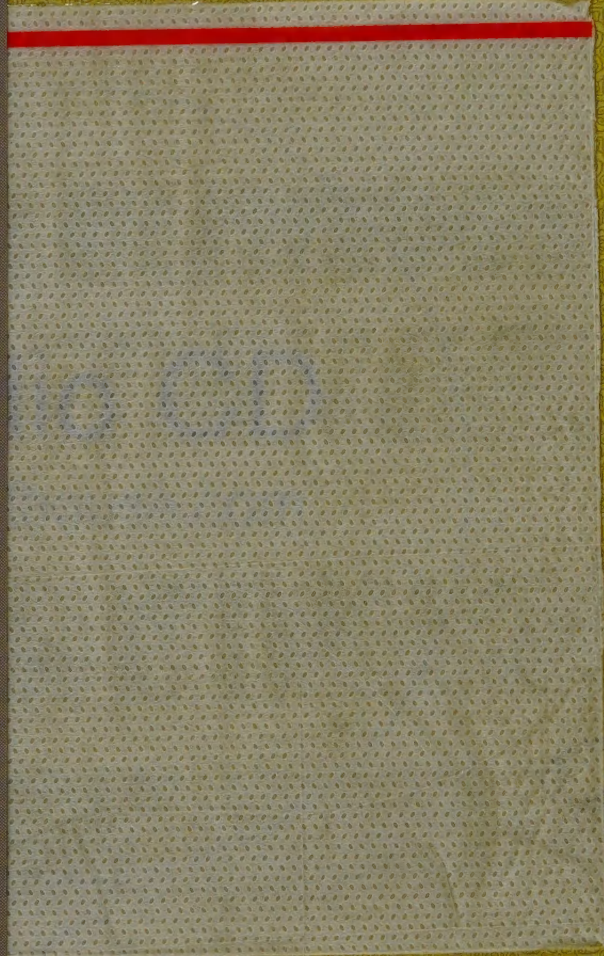
Fractured English is translated in the  
glossary at the front. The cast of characters  
seems oddly familiar, while the plot is ...  
well, plot is overrated. James Stimson’s  
delightful digital artwork brilliantly renders  
the details that add wit and substance to  
every page. Enjoy!

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## Foreword

I first met Maynard Moose one foggy morning years ago in downeast Maine. He was sitting on a mossy log, telling stories to a chipmunk and a crow. Pure chance had led me down that path—chance and great good fortune. For I had stumbled upon the last living teller of Mother Moose Tales—those strange and magical stories sent down by Mother Moose herself so long ago.

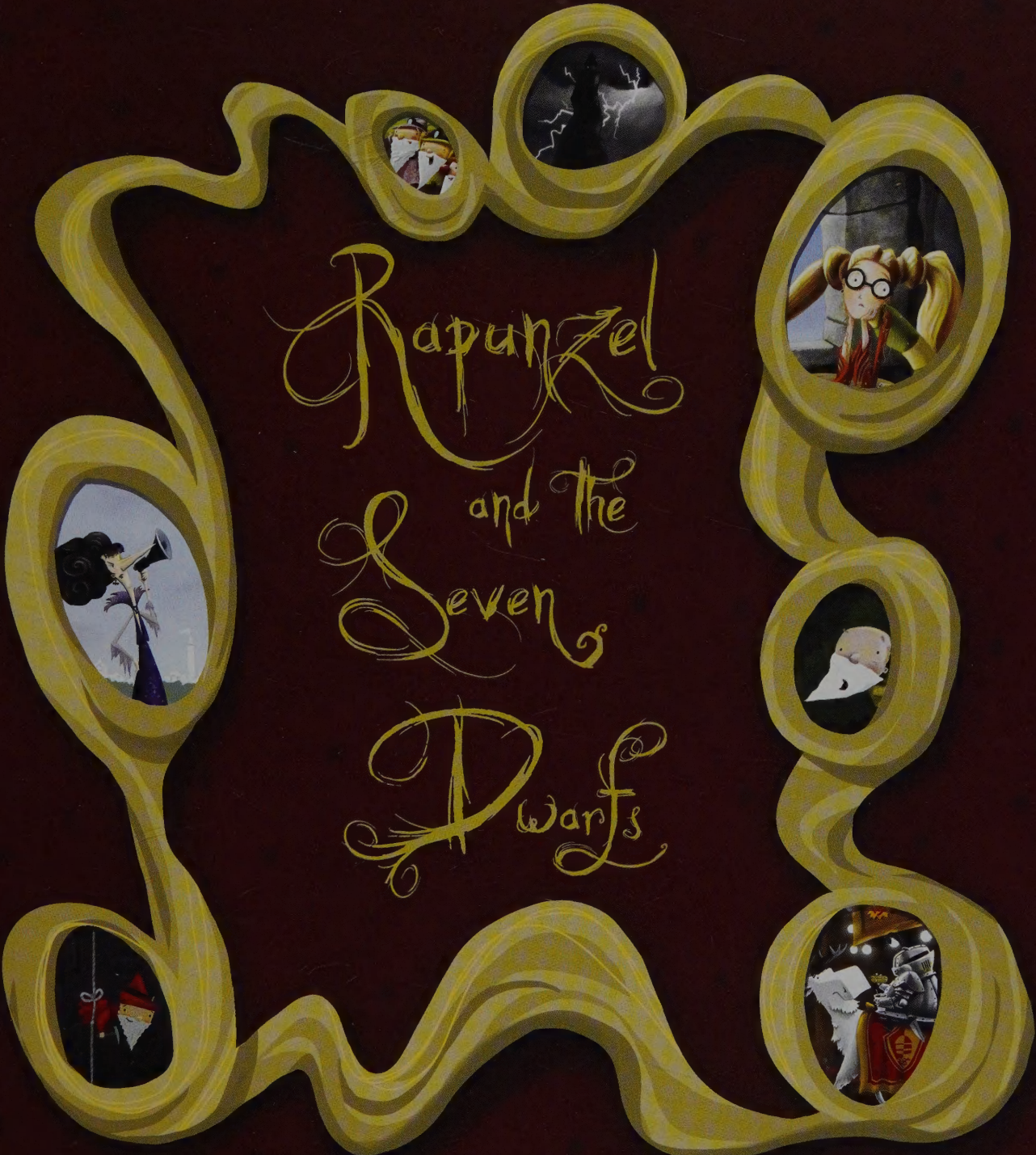
I visited Maynard many times over the following months, and finally gathered the courage to ask him if I might record his tales for posterity. He readily agreed, and I began to make a series of field recordings, hoping to one day make the stories into books.

When the time came to translate Maynard's tales into print, however, I faced unexpected difficulties. Moose language (even Modern Moose) has its own laws and rhythms, quite different in many ways from human speech. And as you will hear on the enclosed CD, moose do not pronounce words quite the way that we do. The moose substitution of the *th* sound for *s*, for example, made translating Maynard's voice to the page especially challenging. In the end, we decided to humanize Maynard's pronunciation, but to keep the original Moose vocabulary intact. We hope that the addition of hoofnotes (⁂) will help make Maynard's meanings clear. And those unfamiliar with the cadences of moose speech will find the enclosed field recording a useful guide when reading aloud.

May all humans discover, and discover once more, the joys of gathering together to hear the old tales told again.

—Willy Claflin





# Rapunzel and The Seven Dwarfs

A Maynard Moose Tale  
As told to Willy Claflin  
Illustrated by James Stimson



For Jacqueline Darrigrand, Moose Muse.  
—W.C.

For the wind in the wood, and the stars  
in the night.  
—M.M.

For Ingrid, your inspiration and your  
understanding.  
— J.S.

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## Glossary and Hoofnotes

### Moose Words and Their English Equivalents

**Parental Warning!** This book contains moose grammar, spelling, and usage, all of which have been known to scramble up the human brain!

Although this text has been painstakingly translated from the original Moose, it contains many traces of Piney Woods English, a dialect generally used by Aroostic County Mooses in northern Maine. Piney Woods words have been designated by hoofnotes (") in the text, and are defined below.

**Amunals:** animals, especially furry animals of the Northern Piney Woods

**Angrified:** angry

**Branglebush:** A bush that grows in the Northern Piney Woods. Its stickers are so sticky that any amunal who passes nearby is likely to become distremely entangled.

**Chubbified:** Chubby (although Mooses now consider it more politically correct to use the phrase "differently weighted.")

**Deceptions** (see Extra Sensory Deceptions)

**Demember:** remember (over and over again, from now on!)

**Distremely:** extremely

**Drowndify:** to drown

**Dwarfy:** of, about, concerning, referencing, referring or pertaining to, dwarfs.

**Extra Sensory Deceptions:** Special, sneaky, magical, telepathical and thoroughly reprehensible witchly powers.

**Filthified:** repulsively and disgustingly unclean

**Glop** (see Wudgies of Glop)

**Incarceration:** incarnation. Mooses believe that after they die, they can move their moosely souls into other amunal bodies. They call this re-incarceration. If they are very good, they can eventually give up being re-incarcerated, and get to be Everywhere at Once.

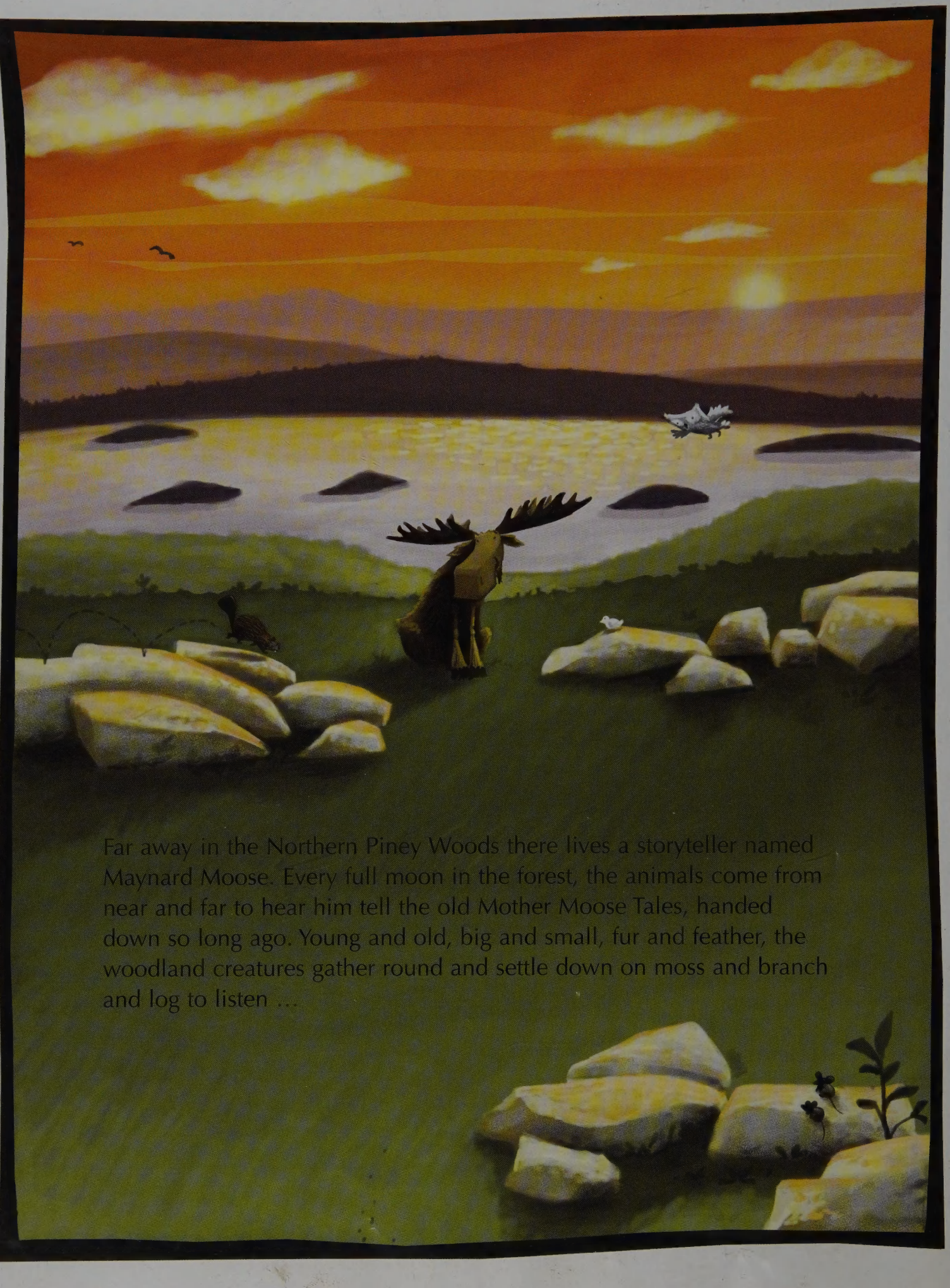
**Never Afterwords:** A standard ending for Moose Tales. It means that the story is over, and there are no more words to say about that!

**Snaggled:** intricately and thoroughly entangled

**Unconshable:** unconscious


**Wudgies of Glop:** Wudgies are little ugly gnarley blobs. Glop is any mysterious, disgusting, foul-smelling sticky stuff. Wudgies of glop are things you do not want to look at, let alone have in your hair! Yug!





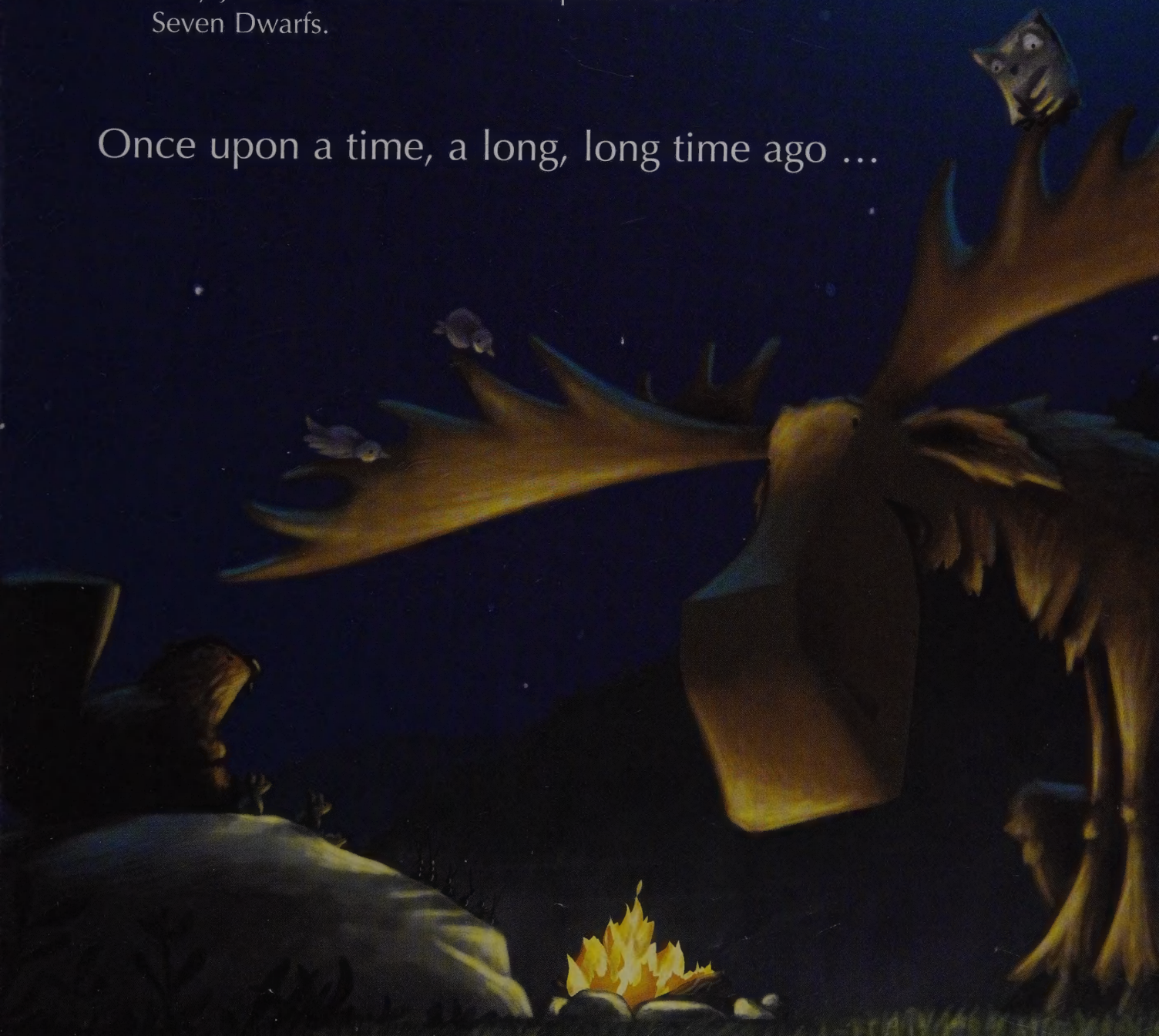
Far away in the Northern Piney Woods there lives a storyteller named Maynard Moose. Every full moon in the forest, the animals come from near and far to hear him tell the old Mother Moose Tales, handed down so long ago. Young and old, big and small, fur and feather, the woodland creatures gather round and settle down on moss and branch and log to listen ...





Did you ever hear a story that would go on and on,  
and when you would get to the end you would  
scratch your hairs and ask yourself, "Gee, what was  
that all about?" And no matter how much you would  
ask yourself, you still would not know? Well, here is a  
story just like that! It is called Rapunzel and the  
Seven Dwarfs.

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago ...







... there was a girl named Punzel  
with long, long goldie hair.



Her hair was so long that it drag out from behind of her along the ground. It get dragged through mud puddles, and kids run over it on their bicycles, and it become distremely“ filthified”—all full of sticks and twigs and little nastified wudgies of glop“.





This was driving Punzel bananas! So one day, she decide to go to the witch's place to see if there was some kind of magic spell or gel that could keep her hairs clean.





The witch tried everything.



She tried spells



and she tried gels



and even a beehive hairdo.

But nothing worked, so instead she locked Punzel away in a tall, tall tower to keep her hairs from dragging on the ground.







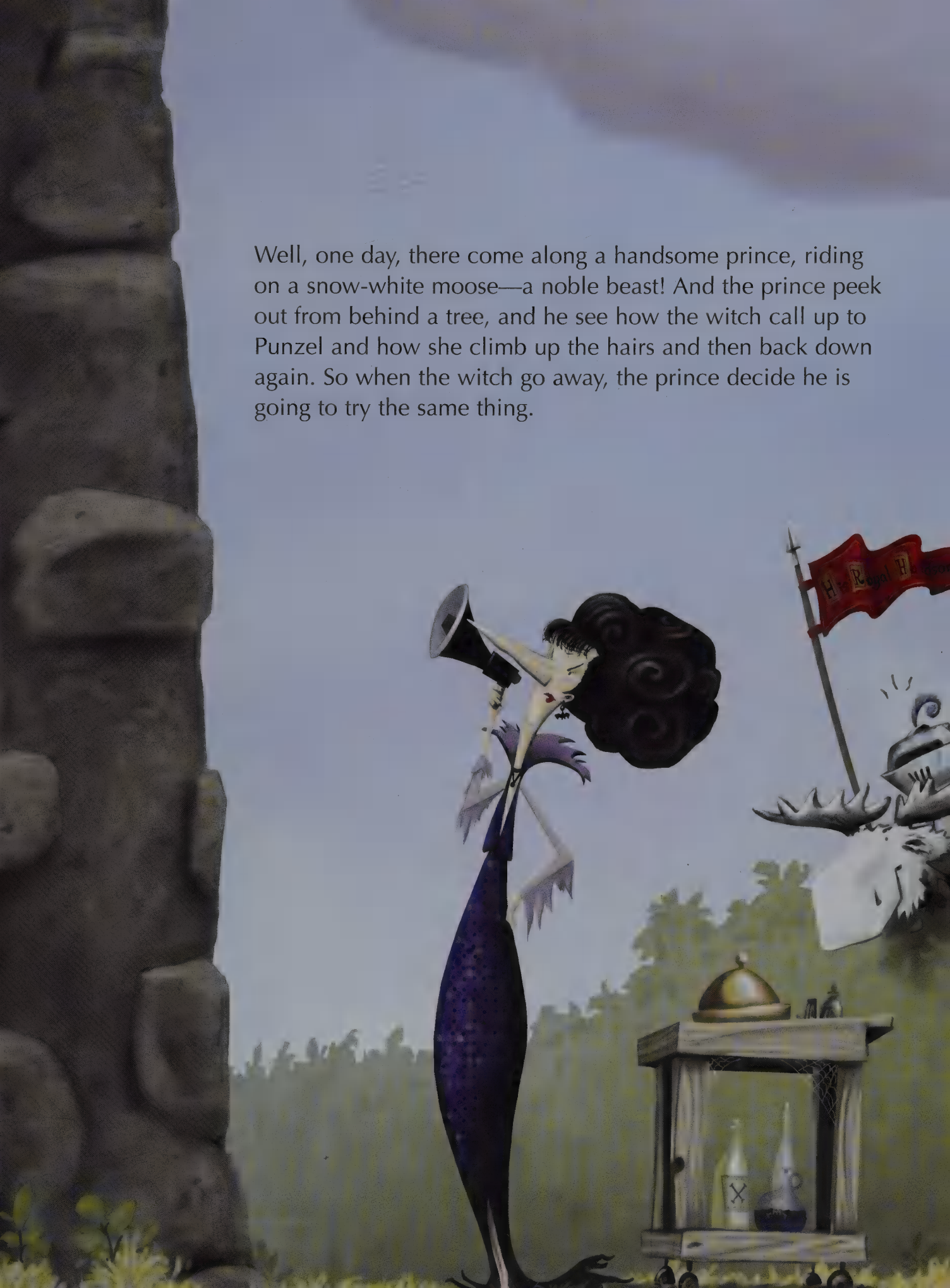
Every day the witch would come to the bottom of the tower, and she would say:

"Punzel, Punzel, goldie fair,  
Punzel, Punzel, let down the hair!"

And Punzel would let down her hair, and the witch would climb up and give her something to eat.



Well, one day, there come along a handsome prince, riding on a snow-white moose—a noble beast! And the prince peek out from behind a tree, and he see how the witch call up to Punzel and how she climb up the hairs and then back down again. So when the witch go away, the prince decide he is going to try the same thing.



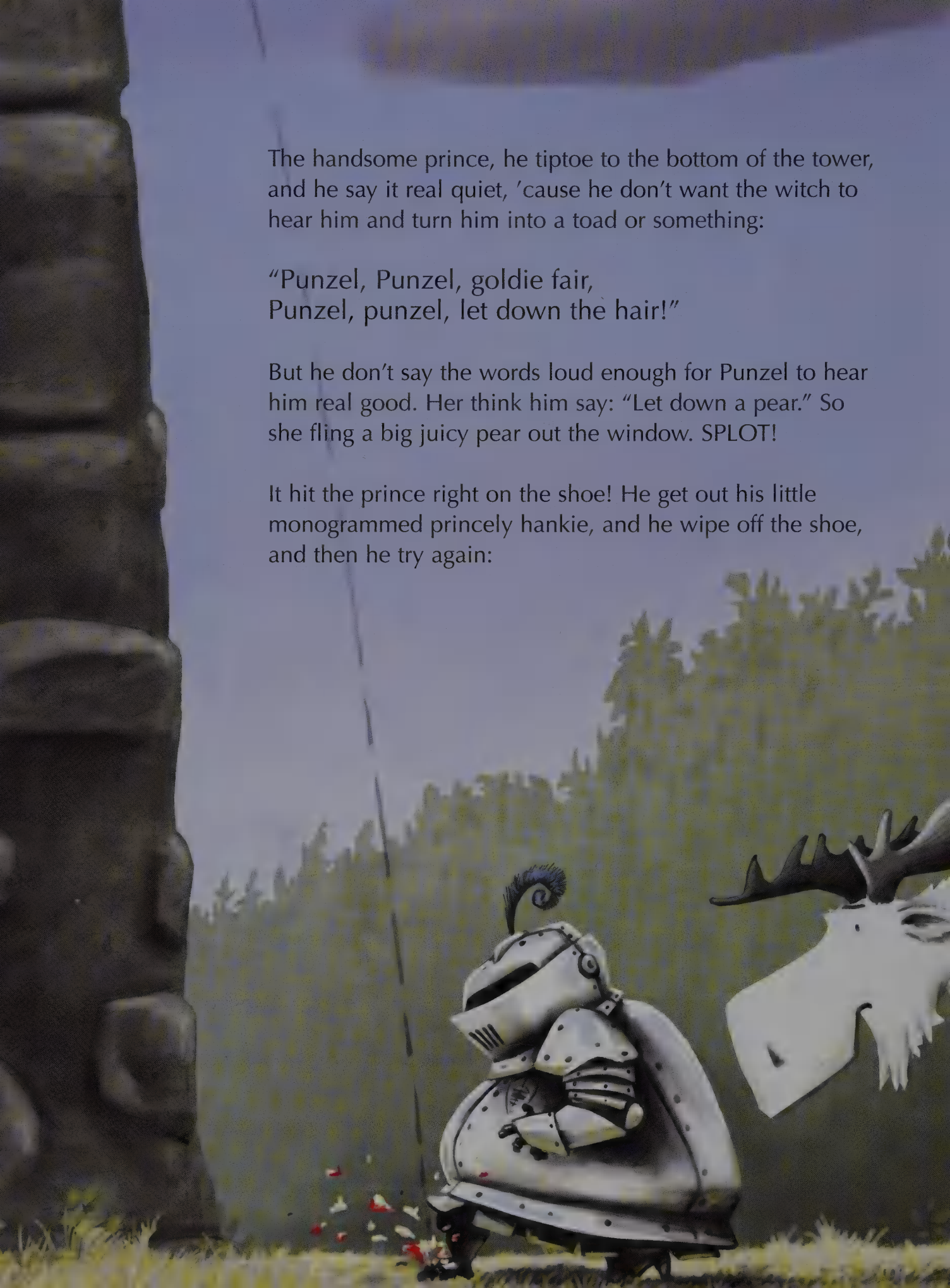


The handsome prince, he tiptoe to the bottom of the tower,  
and he say it real quiet, 'cause he don't want the witch to  
hear him and turn him into a toad or something:

"Punzel, Punzel, goldie fair,  
Punzel, punzel, let down the hair!"

But he don't say the words loud enough for Punzel to hear  
him real good. Her think him say: "Let down a pear." So  
she fling a big juicy pear out the window. SPLOT!

It hit the prince right on the shoe! He get out his little  
monogrammed princely hankie, and he wipe off the shoe,  
and then he try again:







"Punzel, Punzel, goldie fair,  
Punzel, Punzel, let down the hair!"

But this time, Punzel sneeze just when he say "hair." And she think he say, "Let down your chair!" So she fling a big heavy chair out the window.



The chair hit the prince on the head, and he was knocked unconshable“! All of his previous incarcerations“ fly by his eyeballs. When he wake up again, he try one more time:



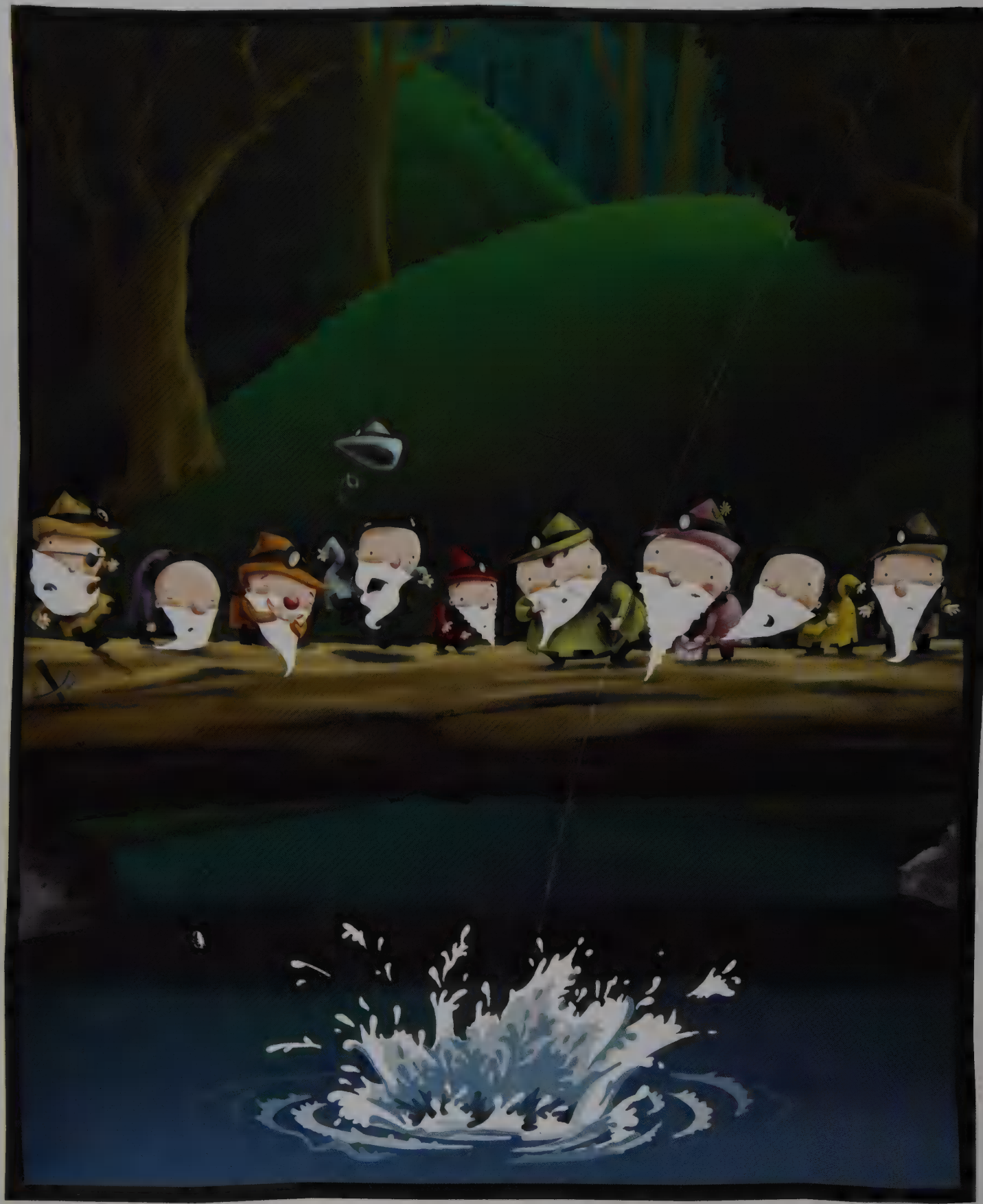




"Punzel, Punzel, goldie fair,  
Punzel, Punzel, let down the hair!"

This time Punzel hear him real good. Her let the hair all the way down, and the handsome prince start to climb up. But the prince, he was a little bit chubbified". The prince, he weigh five hundred and twelve pounds! The handsome prince was so heavy, when he start to climb up the hairs, he flip Punzel right out of the window! Her go sailing through the air and land in the duck pond. SPLASH!





Well, about that time, the seven dwarfs come by, on their way home from digging gold in the mountain. There was Clumsy, Snoozy, Cheerful, Fearful, Hyper, Hungry, Grizelda, Ambidextrous, and sometimes Bewildered ... *There were eight or nine seven dwarfs.*



So the eight or nine seven dwarfs see Punzel in the duck pond, and they do not want her to drowndify“ herself—no! So they haul her out of the duck pond, and when Punzel tell them about how she has been locked up in the tower, the dwarfies decide to hide her away so the witch can't find her. 'Cause they are very worried the witch will become distremely angriefed“ when she find out that Punzel has runned away.





So through the forest they go, they go! Through the forest they go! Until Punzel's long, long goldie hair get all snagged<sup>o</sup> up in a branglebush<sup>o</sup>, and she is stuck fast and cannot move. Well, the only way to set her free is to cut her hairs off, so they shave Punzel bald as a bowling ball!







Well, just then the full moon start to rise. And the full moon, shining on the top of Punzel's head, make a little magic mirror there, like a shiny crystal ball. The dwarfies all gather round in a circle, and they say:

"Mirror, mirror on Punzel's head,  
Is the witch alive or dead?"

And a picture of the witch float into view. She is distremely angrified, hopping up and down, smashing teacups and crockeries and kicking the cat. "Run away from me, will you, Punzel?" she yell. "Well, I'll fix you!"



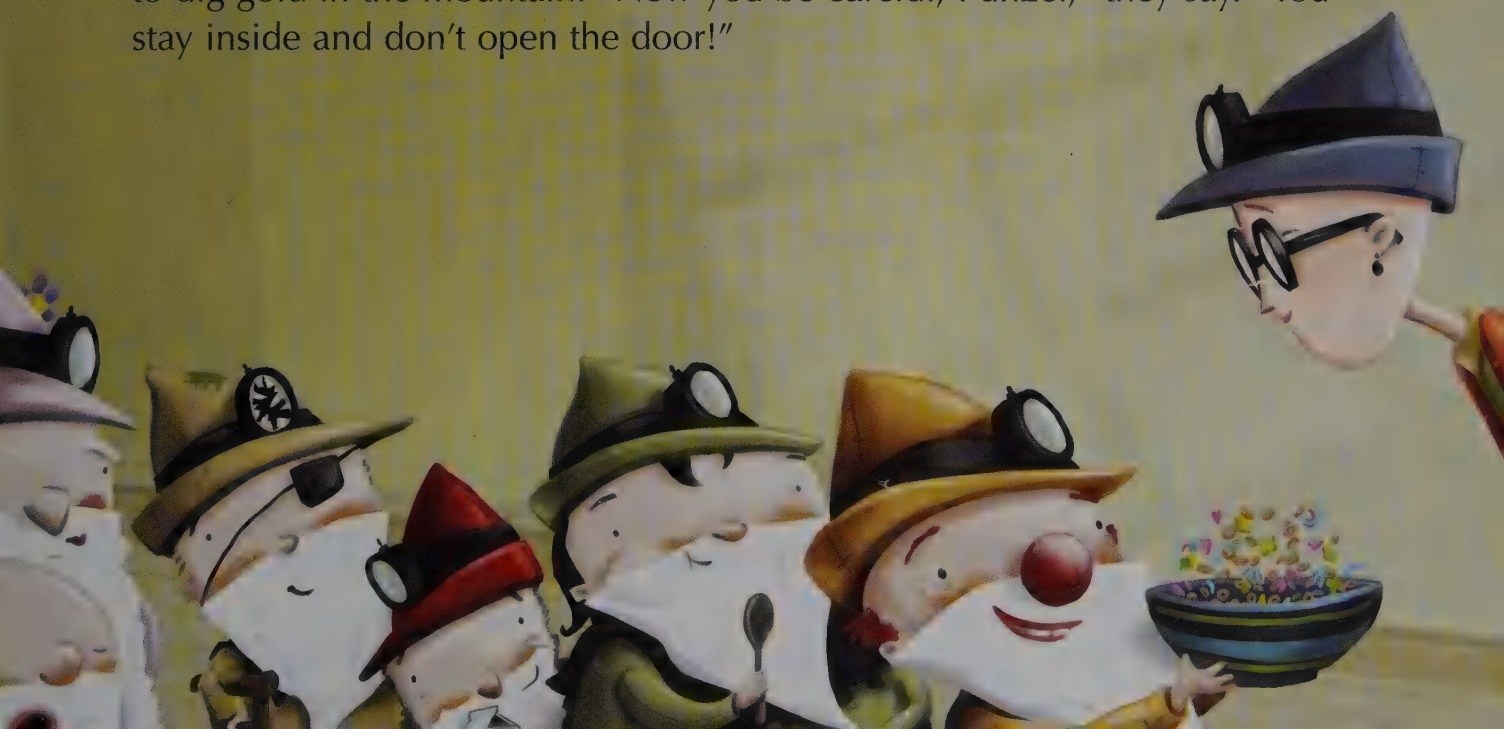
"Quick! Quick!" say the dwarfies, and they lead Punzel away through the forest until they get to their little dwarfy<sup>o</sup> hovel, and there they lock the door.







Next morning, bright and early, off again go Clumsy, Snoozy, Cheerful, Fearful, Hyper, Hungry, Grizelda, Ambidextrous, and sometimes Bewildered, to dig gold in the mountain. "Now you be careful, Punzel," they say. "You stay inside and don't open the door!"





But meanwhile, the witch disguise herself as an old rhinoceros and come through the forest with a wheelbarrow full of poisoned watermelons. And every time she lose the way, she use her magical extra sensory deceptions“:

“Mirror, mirror, on a stick—  
Show me the dwarfies’ house real quick!”

And off on a new path she would go.







Finally she get to the dwarfy hovel and knock on the door with the fake rhino horn—Bonk! Bonk! Punzel peek out the window. “Hello?”  
“Hello,” say the witch. “It’s me, the friendly forest rhinoceros. Would you like a bite of one of my poisoned—oops!—I mean, tasty watermelons?”



"Oh boy! Oh boy!" say Punzel. "Watermelons is my favorite fruits! Yum!"  
And her take a big bite of watermelon and fall down dead!

But don't worry—she was not really dead. She take such a big bite of watermelon that it stick in her throat and she do not swallow it all the way. So instead of being dead she just fell into an endless poison-watermelon sleep.







Well, when the dwarfies come back from digging gold in the mountain and find Punzel unconshable in an endless sleep, they do not know what to do ... Everybody is sad, even Cheerful.





But pretty soon the dwarfies get an idea. They put her in a big glass box and charge all the amunals“ twenty-five cents to come and see her.





All the forest amunals line up to have a look.





Well, the Sleeping Punzel Museum is a big success! Dwarfies don't have to dig for gold no more. Clumsy, Snoozy, Cheerful, Fearful, Hyper, Hungry, Grizelda, Ambidextrous, and sometimes Bewildered live on Easy Street!





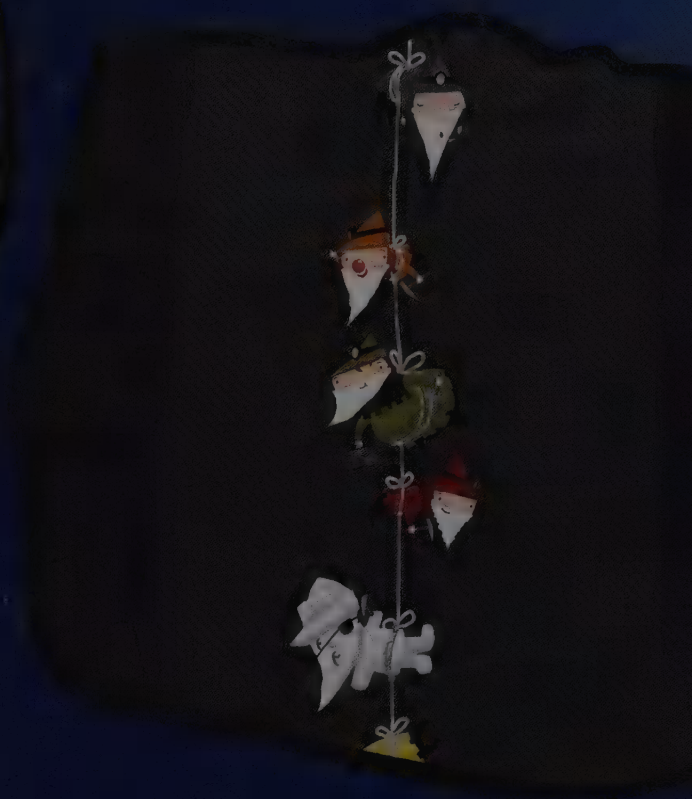
But one day who should come along once more but the handsome prince, riding on the snow-white moose. And the moose did not look where it was going and trip over the glass case and smash it to smithereens!





Punzel wake up. She cough out the piece of watermelon! And when she see the noble, kindly, handsome moose leaning over her, she give him big kiss on the nose. "My hero!" say Punzel. And Punzel and the moose ride off into the sunrise. And they lived happily for never afterwords".



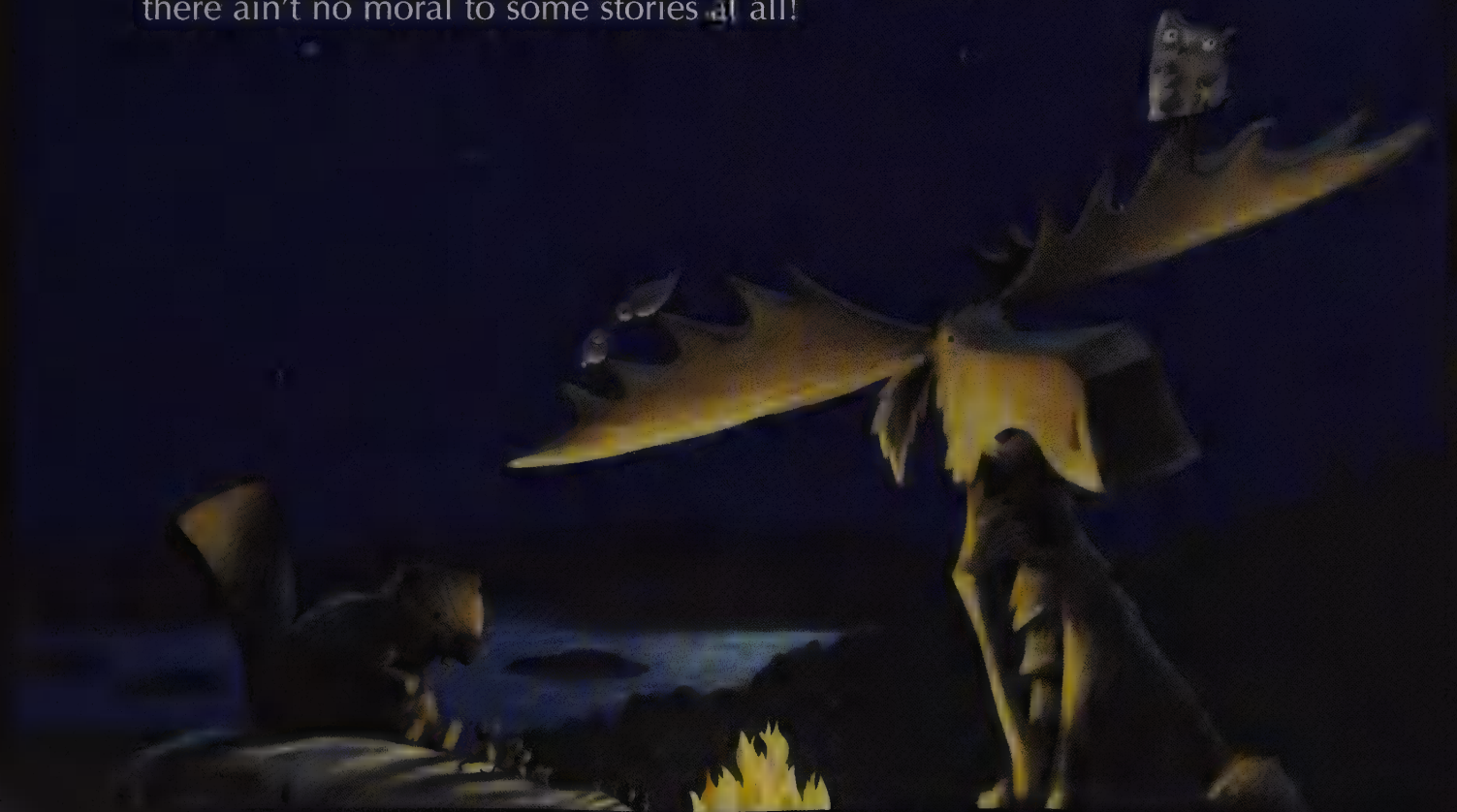


And as for the handsome prince, he go marry the witch and they live in the tall, tall tower happily for never afterwords. And as for the dwarfies, they go back to digging gold in the mountain: Clumsy, Snoozy, Cheerful, Fearful, Hyper, Hungry, Grizelda, Ambidextrous, and sometimes Bewildered for never afterwords.





And the moral of that story is, if you have long, long goldie  
hairs that drag out from behind of you along the ground, then  
you should always ... um ... The moral of that story is, if you  
get flipped out a window and land in the duck pond, you  
should always remember<sup>o</sup> that ... um ... you should  
remember ... um Let's see ... The moral of that story is ...  
there ain't no moral to some stories at all!









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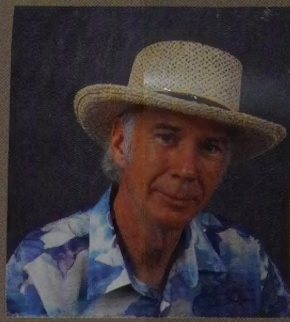
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**WILLY CLAFLIN** is Professor Emeritus of Moosology at Piney Woods Community College. Willy's books and recordings have won numerous honors, including three Parents' Choice Gold Awards.

He is a member of the National Storytelling Network's Circle of Excellence.

You can visit Willy at [willyclaflin.com](http://willyclaflin.com)



**MAYNARD MOOSE** is the last living teller of traditional Mother Moose Tales. As such, he has been designated Keeper of the Flame by the American Council of Quadrupeds. Maynard is editor in

chief of *Gronk and Arooo!*, an oral journal of ungulate ruminations. He likes to eat pond weed.



**JAMES STIMSON** is the writer and illustrator of *Thirteen O'clock*, and the illustrator of Willy Claflin's *The Uglified Ducky*. He enjoys writing obscure stories and painting silly pictures and is not a professor of anything in particular. Nor does he eat pond weed.

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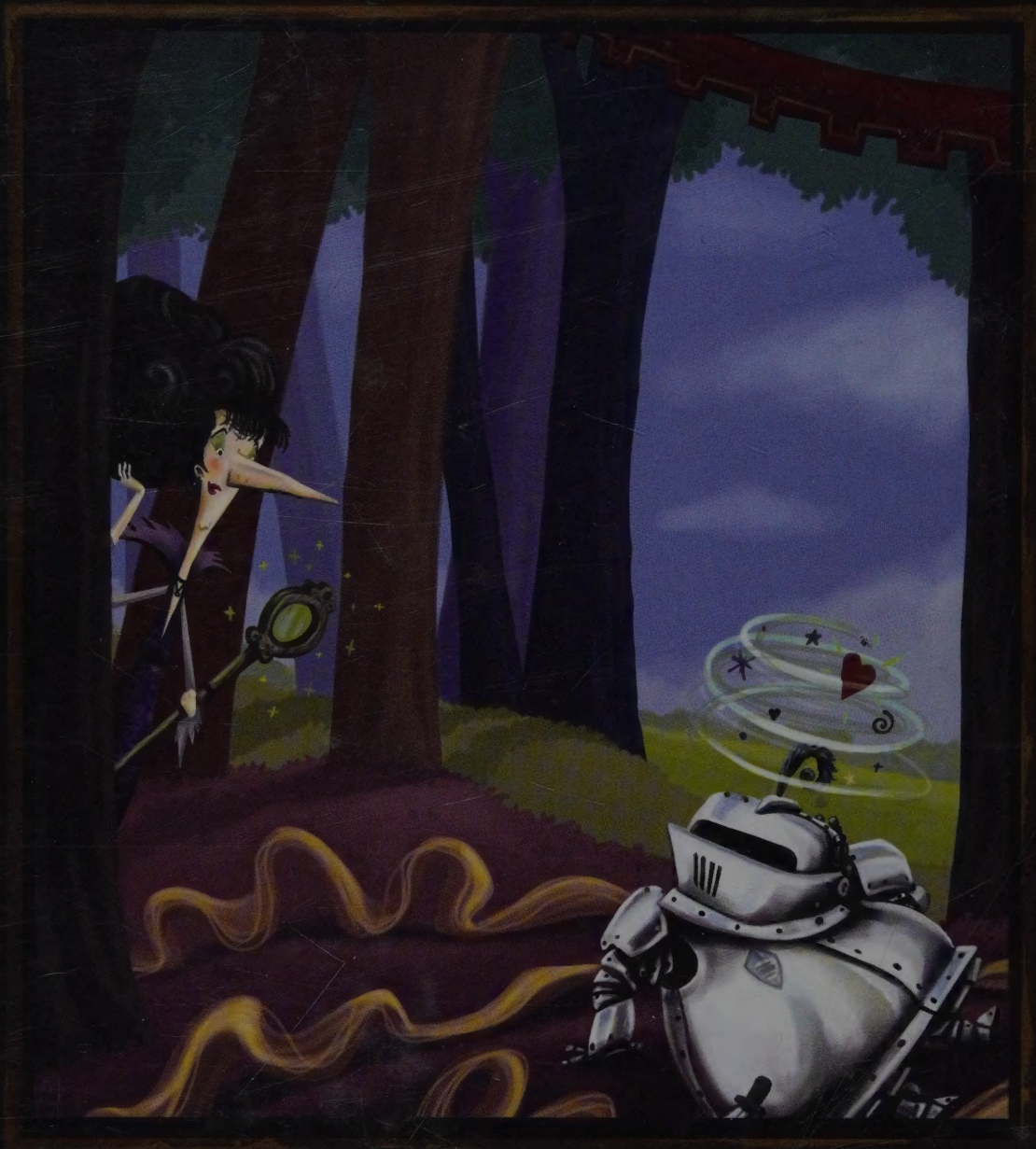
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Recognition for *Maynard Moose*

- 2007 International Ungulate of the Year
- Ruminants Award

Recognition for *The Uglified Ducky*

- 2010-2011 Texas Bluebonnet Award Master List Selection
- Storytelling World Award

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